

The Rockland Gazette.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE BENEFIT OF ITS PATRONS AND THE PECUNIARY PROFIT OF ITS PUBLISHER.

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THE ROCKLAND GAZETTE.

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THE DIFFERENCE.

MAN.
"If he wears a good coat,
Lift him up, lift him up;
Though he be but a blot,
Lift him up.
If he has not common sense;
And can boast a few pence,
Lift him up.
If his face shows no shame,
Lift him up, lift him up;
Though crime is on his name,
Lift him up.
Though their disgrace be his sport,
Let your daughters kiss him out—
Lift him up.
Though he brings some disgrace,
Lift him up, lift him up;
And brings the blush to your face,
Lift him up;
Society him needs—
Never mind his black deeds—
Lift him up."

WOMAN.

"If woman once errs,
Kick her down, kick her down;
If misfortune is hers,
Kick her down;
Though her tears fall like rain,
And she never smiles again,
Kick her down.
If a man breaks her heart,
Kick her down, kick her down;
Redouble the smart—
Kick her down;
And if in low condition,
On, on to perdition,
Kick her down."

THE PIN HOLE.

Among the many traditions held in reverence by the descendants of Lady Mary Chobham, there is one of peculiar interest. The afternoon of an uninvited summer day was verging towards evening, long shadows were cast upon the turf; a gentle breeze stirred the thousand leaves overhead and rippled the surface of the river. Wear, which ponded back, formed the really magnificent sheet of water that constituted one of the chief ornaments of Wearscoote, the ancestral domain of the Chobham family.

A pleasure boat, into which the dripping oars had only recently been drawn, rocked on the bosom of the lake, and on a rustic seat on the margin sat two young people, who had been loitering away the whole day in a state of entire felicity. The Lady Mary was at that time not more than fifteen and rather childish in appearance, with long fair hair flowing in infantine carelessness and grey, clear, delicate complexion, large eyes that sought the ground; the whole countenance hardly giving promise of that exquisite loveliness which in after days shone unrivalled in the court of George III. Her dress was that of a child—a simple white frock, with a broad blue sash, a comfortable German bonnet, with its deep tippet, or cape.

The young girl was a little thrown back on the seat, and whilst her companion held her left hand, the right was busily engaged in forcing the gold pin that had fastened her sash in and out of the hard oak arm of the park chair. This she did in a sort of unconscious manner, though every now and then the blood would rush into her cheeks, and her efforts became almost spasmodic. With infinite difficulty at such times, a spot of wood might be forced out, almost big enough for the cricket-ball of a minute. Perseverance, however, did much, and the pin hole attained more and more of a respectable depth and shape. The young man by the Lady Mary's side, was in reality not much older than herself, but the hardships of a sea-faring life, the constant change of climate, and the real service he had already seen, gave him an appearance of age and manliness. He had entered the navy at thirteen, and was now enjoying a short leave of absence. Dressed in the stiff uniform of the service, Arthur Townsend had no adventitious advantages, but if you looked in his face, its high resolution and great mental power shadowed out the future companion of Nelson and Collingwood. You might almost have read his part in Trafalgar. And now he was warming with the subject most interesting to him; and that voice of singular sweetness, destined to shout amid the shouting crowd, was telling to earnestly attentive ears of moonlight watches on the tideless waters of the Mediterranean; of stormy conflicts in the Bay of Biscay; ay, and of the cannon's roar—of conflict and death and victory. The Lady Mary, with head reclined, and the little hand working diligently with the gold pin, listened with breath almost suspended to the account of the gallant and successful defence of Gibraltar; she seemed to see the red hot balls as they fell on the enemy's ships and batteries; and the flush on her cheek came and went more rapidly as the narrator described the daring deeds, the moments of peril, as the victors braved everything to the rescue of their baffled foe, maddening and perishing in their burning ship, no longer considered as enemies, but as suffering fellow creatures; and her heart swelled within her as

she instinctively recognized, felt, through the little that was indicated, how large a share the narrator had in these events. And then Arthur Townsend described other scenes—coral islets formed under sunny skies, where the flamingo was wading in the still lagoon, and the palm tree saw its feather top reflected—like a still evening after a stormy day; and the cheek grew clear and pale, and the wonder working little hand rested; but in these communications there was no talk of self.

Night had crept around, and finally closed over Wearscoote, the morning hours were even approaching, but still Lady Chobham meditated in her library. Living in courts, the intimate friend of politicians, acute and far seeing in all things, the aspect of public affairs filled her with anxiety. There were discontent and disunion at home—abroad the nations were still staggering under the effects of the French Revolution; the course of Bonaparte was beginning. Nor was she insensible to the dangers attending the career her young kinsman had so well begun. On the morrow he would depart. Then, how should she see her sister's son again? Now she considered the children were at rest—hours had passed since their bright, unthinking good night. She was roused by a most unmistakable step—one acquired only by those whose walk is over unsteady waters; and young Townsend entered. There was neither hurry nor anxiety in his manner, and the strong will suppressed all emotion. Quietly, respectfully, he told his aunt that he loved the Lady Mary, and that he intended to marry her. There was great feeling there was earnest purpose, there was nothing ridiculous in the boy lover. He rather expressed conviction of what would be, than asked sanction or assistance.

Lady Chobham was, to say the least, greatly puzzled—she thought the proposition absurd, its probabilities small. The youth was entering upon a life of difficulty and danger—years might elapse before he would see his native land again; and then would he be a match for her child? Rank, fortune were alike inadequate. The mother's eye foresaw the splendor of womanhood into which the young girl would develop; she did not underrate her great advantages of wealth and connection, and here was a sailor-boy almost claiming her. She looked up, in the calm clear eye, the self-reliant, ample brow, the hero's deed revealed—she doubted not his future or his destiny. He might die; but living or dying, every one connected with him would be ennobled. The fulfillment of his hope was unlikely, but she would not see her sister's child turn away in sorrow.

"Arthur," she said, and eyes and lip quivered—"my child is happy in your love; hereafter you will understand more of her worth, her position and her requirements. You must entirely deserve her—until you do, do not attempt to win her. I have but one word of stipulation—no word of what has passed between us must disturb her peace, until you can become her husband. Strange word to a boy of sixteen, stranger still that it did not seem incongruous; and he accepted the terms. Long before the rest of the world was stirring, he again visited the seat by the river head, and made prize of a small portion of a blue sash that had been left waving in the breeze; and by sunrise he had joined his ship at Portsmouth.

Lady Mary returned to school. It was observed that for some time she paid marked attention to her geographical studies—and walking her measured pace round the dull London squares, her thoughts were often on the broad Pacific, or coasting the Mediterranean. Time passed on, and these things faded. With a delicate refinement she stood the acknowledged beauty of the day. But she lived in stirring times, and hers was no spirit that could live for itself alone. In all the daily occurring public events, she took an absorbing interest. Sultans came and went; she never seemed to have any but kind and gracious words of refusal to give them. She could not account for it herself. From time to time she read with interest, but without emotion, the glowing descriptions of Arthur Townsend's prowess and rewards. She saw his name coupled with that of her country valued and honored, and she felt glad and proud that she was related to him. Twice he returned, and they had met with pleasure and reserve on her part; but they had never been at Wearscoote together again. And still more years passed, and with them came sorrow; her mother did not live to see the end of the romance. And now even that trial was over, and Lady Mary was in the possession of great wealth, every personal charm in full perfection, but still wandering, fancy free, by the side of the river at Wearscoote.

And again it is a summer evening, and again the Lady Mary is sitting on the chair by the side of the lake, and again, earnestly, respectfully, by no mean cavalier, is a suit she has often heard before, urged on her. The affections of the Lady Mary are disengaged; she almost fears it is selfish to be so indifferent; ought she not to give some encouragement, some hope?—She wavers in her refusal, assuming the same attitude in which she had listened to another voice years before. Her eye rests on a small speck in the arm of the chair; a crust of paint had been recently rubbed off; and with a sudden rush and bound backwards, memory takes in the whole scene when that small hole was nervously bored. All the very words then uttered, come back, and with them a feeling that she dare not accept or encourage any offered love.

True to his promise and to himself, Arthur Townsend returned. His country paid, in wealth and honors, part of the debt of gratitude she owed him. He met the Lady Mary on equal terms; how he sped in his wooing, is a matter of history. In an old cabinet, a small piece of oak, delicately perforated, and wrapped in a portion of blue sash, was found, and then this imperfectly told little story came out.

A Tale of the Revolution.

Sergeant Jasper.—At the commencement of the revolutionary war, Sergeant Jasper enlisted in the second South Carolina regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Moultrie. He distinguished himself in a peculiar manner at the attack which was made upon Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, the 27th of June, 1776. In the warmest part of the contest, the flag-staff was severed by a cannon ball, and the flag fell to the bottom of the ditch on the outside of the works. This accident was considered by the anxious inhabitants of Charleston as putting an end to the contest, by striking the American flag to the enemy. The moment that Jasper made the discovery that the flag had fallen, he jumped from one of the embrasures, and mounted the colors, which he tied to a sponge-staff, and replanted on the parapet, where he supported them until another flag staff was procured. The subsequent activity and enterprise of this patriot, induced Col. Moultrie to give him a sort of roving commission, to go and come at pleasure, confident that he was always usefully employed. He was privileged to select such men from the regiment as he should choose, to accompany him in his enterprises. His parties consisted generally of five or six, and he often returned with prisoners before Moultrie was apprised of his absence. Jasper was distinguished for his humane treatment when an enemy fell into his power. His ambition appears to have been limited to the characteristics of bravery, humanity and usefulness to the cause in which he was engaged. When it was in his power to kill, but not capture, it was his practice to permit a single prisoner to escape. By his sagacity and enterprise he often succeeded in the capture of those who were lying in ambush for him.

In one of these excursions, an instance of bravery and humanity is recorded by the biographer of General Marion, which would stagger credulity, if it was not well attested. While he was examining the British camp at Ebenezer all the sympathy of his great heart was awakened by the distresses of a Mrs. Jones, whose husband an American by birth, had taken the king's protection, and been confined in irons for deserting the royal cause after he had taken the oath of allegiance. Her well founded belief that nothing short of the life of her husband would atone for the offence with which he was charged. Anticipation of the awful scene of a beloved husband expiring upon a gibbet, had excited in her inexhaustible emotions of grief and desperation.

Jasper secretly consulted with his companion Sergeant Newton, whose feelings for the distressed female and her child were equally excited with his own, upon the practicality of releasing Jones from his impending fate. Though they were unable to suggest a plan of operation they were determined to watch for the most favorable opportunity, and make the effort. The departure of Jones and several others (all in irons) to Savannah, for trial, under a guard consisting of a sergeant, a corporal and eight men, was ordered upon the succeeding morning. Within two miles from Savannah, about thirty yards from the main road, is a spring of fine water, surrounded by a deep thick underwood, where travellers often halt to refresh themselves with a cool draught from the pure fountain. Jasper and his companion considered this the most favorable spot for their enterprise. They accordingly passed the guard, and concealed themselves near the spring. When the enemy came up, they halted, and only two of the guard remained with the prisoners, while the others leaned their guns against trees in a careless manner, and went to the spring. Jasper and Newton seized two muskets, and disabled the two sentinels. The possession of all the arms placed the enemy in their power, and compelled them to surrender. The irons were taken off, and arms put in the hands of those who had been prisoners, and the whole party arrived at Perryburg the next morning, and joined the American camp.

There are few instances upon record where personal exertions, even for self-preservation from certain prospects of death, would have induced resort to an act so desperate of execution. How much more laudable was this where the spring to action was roused by the lamentations of a female unknown to the adventurers!

Subsequent to the gallant defence at Sullivan's Island, Col. Moultrie's regiment was presented with a stand of colors by Mrs. Elliot, which she had richly embroidered with her own hands, and as a reward for Jasper's particular merit, Gov. Rutledge presented him with a very handsome sword. During the assault against Savannah, two officers had been killed, and one wounded, endeavoring to plant these colors upon the enemy's parapet upon the spring hill redoubt. Just before the retreat was ordered, Jasper endeavored to replace them on the works, and while he was in the act received a mortal wound, and fell into the ditch. When a retreat was ordered, he recollected the honorable conditions upon which the donor presented the colors to his regiment, and among the last

acts of his life succeeded in bringing them off. Major Horry called to see him soon after the retreat, to whom, it is said, he made the following communication:

"I have got my furlough. That sword was presented to me by Gov. Rutledge, for my services in the defence of Fort Moultrie. Give it to my father, and tell him I have won it in honor. If the old man should weep, tell him his son died in the hopes of a better life. Tell Mrs. Elliot that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment. Should you ever see Jones, his wife and son, tell them that Jasper is gone. But that the remembrance of the battle which he fought for them, brought a secret joy to his heart when death was about to stop its motion forever. He expired shortly after closing this sentence."

YOUNG GENTS AT BOARDING SCHOOL.—The Story of Laura Matilda, lately published in The Organ, contains some valuable lessons to girls in Boarding Schools, which we trust will do good. Many of our young readers are in schools, away from home and home influence and they will find the lessons we refer to by recurring to the story.

It sometimes happens in such schools that some one pupil of strong character, but evil disposition, acquires an undue influence over the others, and secretly and silently warps them from their natural simplicity and sincerity of character, thus in a few months weakening or destroying good principles and dispositions, which the parents had spent years in nurturing and sometimes when these children return to their parents, it is only to fill them with surprise and sadness at the rapid growth of evil which has taken place in their children's hearts. Young people instead of complaining when their teachers exercise a vigilant supervision over their companionships, should be highly grateful for otherwise seeds of evil might be sown in their hearts which in after life would cost them bitter tears of shame and sorrow. Young girls be thankful if your parents have been fortunate enough to secure for you the care of a wise, careful, vigilant teacher, one who is anxious to secure you from evil influences, as well as advance you in useful learning. N. Y. Organ.

BUSHMEN. Rev. Dr. Adam Smith, of Cape Town, Africa, gave an interesting address last Sabbath evening in the Old South Chapel, on the people of Africa, and the state of society in that part of the world. Dr. Smith is a missionary of the church of Scotland, and has been in his field of labor for more than a quarter of a century. The three great races in that portion of Africa to which his labors have been directed, are the Bushmen, the Chippos, and the Tulusos. He describes the Bushmen as the lowest form of manhood—in height about four feet and eight inches—having no habits—dwelling in the clefts of the rocks, or sleeping among the branches of the trees, hence their name, Bushmen, degraded, but cunning—boldly attacking the lion with their bows about the size of those used by children as toys, but made deadly by the poison extracted from the most poisonous serpents, which they catch by hisping them by the neck—eating everything they kill from snakes to cattle—using the grubs of the ants of Africa, which they dry and carry with them as food, and which is known as "Bushmen's meat."—Dressing themselves in sheepskins—being firm believers in witchcraft—having no idea of God—and having no word in their language by which spiritual things or beings can be expressed. They thus are the pigmies of the world, and present the lowest form of human life.

Over-Doing It.

A well known Methodist minister, who was travelling on horseback through the State of Massachusetts, stopped one noon on a sultry summer's day at a cottage by the roadside, and requested some refreshment for himself and beast. This was readily granted by the worthy New England dame, so the parson dismounted, and having seen his horse well cared for entered the cottage and partook of the refreshment which was cheerfully placed before him. For some time past there had been no rain, and the country round seemed literally parched up. The minister entered into conversation with the old lady and remarked upon the dryness of the season. "Yes," she replied, "unless we have rain soon, all my beans, cabbages and cucumbers will be good for nothing, and I think all ministers ought to pray for rain." The worthy divine informed her that he was a minister, and that he should be happy to comply with her wish. He accordingly knelt down and prayed fervently that the gates of Heaven might be opened, that showers might descend and refresh the earth. He then arose from his knees, and having kindly thanked his hostess, bade her good day, mounted his horse and departed. But he had not been gone more than an hour when the clouds began to gather, and a tremendous shower of hail and rain descended, and with such force as to wash the contents of the old lady's garden clear out of the ground. "There!" said she, "that is always the way with those taro! Methodists, they never undertake to do anything but they always over do it."

All the gold in the world might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a cellar twenty feet square and sixteen feet high. All our boasted wealth already obtained from California and Australia would go into an iron safe nine feet square and nine feet high.

Your Change, Sir.

One of those nondescript specimens of humanity called dandies, travelling in Connecticut, a few days since, in his own or in a borrowed conveyance was brought up with a "round turn," at a toll gate, which he designed to have passed without paying the usual fee. When he found himself in limbo, from which he could not escape without "forking over," he inquired of a young lady who was in attendance at the gate, how much he had to pay before he could pass the formidable barrier.

"Three cents, sir, for single wagons," replied the young lady.
"Three cents is a threepence, the half of a sixpence, one of the smallest bits of silver in use, eh, young woman—am I right?" said the dandy, feeling in his pocket for the change.
"Three cents, sir, if you please," said the lady.

"Well, young woman you seem to be high-wayman here—so take my money, and shovel out the change as quick as you can trot for it," said the dandy, at the same time purposely dropping a shilling piece into the mud beneath his wagon. "Ah! there it is in the mud, I declare—I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them."

The young lady took the shilling from the mud where he had dropped it, went into the house and returned with nine cents, which she placed immediately under the wheel, where she had taken up the shilling.

"Hillo, hillo, young woman, what is it you mean?" said the dandy. "Why don't you put that coin into my hand, eh?"
The girl archly replied:

"Sir, I found the money under the wagon;—there you'll find your change, and as she turned into the house, she gave the fellow a most significant smile, and added: 'I wouldn't dirty my fingers for twenty of them—would you, Mr. Dandyman?' Ha, ha, but—there's your change, sir," and she closed the door.

The gentleman dismounted—picked up his "coppers" and was off at full speed, impatient to get out of sight and hearing. If he should ever happen in that county again, he will take care how he makes change with Yankee girls.

Caught in his own Trap.

A Jersey tavern keeper, who had become elated more for the length of his bills than the abundance of his table, met with a sharper as sharp as himself on one occasion. A Yankee, happening to pass through that barbarous region, stopped at this man's hotel, and ordered dinner. When he came to pay the bill he was astonished to find it stretched out to the round sum of six dollars. This rather startled the Yankee and he demanded to know what he had eaten that such a bill could be charged. The landlord replied "the bill will show you." On consulting it, he found charged therein several kinds of wines and extras.

"Well, look here! I didn't have none of your wines—there was none of that 'ere stuff brought on for me, and I won't pay the bill!"

"Oh, we never wait for orders here, we know our business," replied the landlord; the wine was on the table and you could drink it or not, that was your business, not ours."

The Yankee saw there was no use in quarrelling about the matter, so with a broken heart he paid the bill. Three months after that our erstwhile friend again made his appearance at the hotel and called for dinner. When he sat down to the table he laid a twenty dollar bill at the side of his plate, and ordered all the delicacies he could think of, and all the wines he could stomach. While eating his dinner, he called the attention of the landlord to the bill, as to whether it was genuine or not. The landlord looked at it, replied that it was, and handed it back. As soon as the Yankee had finished, he put the money in his pocket, walked out of the house, and jumped into his wagon. "Hello!" said the landlord, "there, you have not paid your bill!"

"It's your own fault," said the Yankee, "I never wait to have a bill presented to me—the money laid on the table, and you could have taken it or not, just as you told me about the wine three months ago yesterday!" The landlord swore a few as the Yankee's horse splattered the mud up the road.

OLIVE OIL.

Having said something last week about the probability of the revival of oil anointing, it will be of some interest to many to know something more about olive oil, than what was contained in the article to which we refer. Olive oil has long been distinguished for its excellent qualities, and it has been used from time immemorial, both as an article of diet and of usefulness as applied to many necessary purposes, by the inhabitants of various countries. The olive tree grows wild and in luxuriant grandeur in the Holy Land, and its fruit and the oil derived from it were and are used by all the dwellers in Syria and Judea. The olives of the Grecian Isles have long been famous, and a great quantity of oil is exported from that portion of the world every year. Italy is also famous for its olives and its oils. Throughout all the district of La Terra d'Otranto, scarcely anything else is cultivated. The port of Gallipoli in that country from which this oil is exported in great quantities to Germany, France and England, has given it name to the oil, which is known to many only as Gallipoli oil, and not that produced from the olive. The olive trees bear when two years old, but not full till six years afterwards, when it becomes a source of wealth to its owner. It lives to a

great age, three, four and seven hundred years, and bears abundantly during all that time.—There is a celebrated tree in Pesio, in Italy, which is seven hundred years old, and bears two and three hundred weight of oil yearly.

When the fruit is fully ripe, it is gathered mostly by hand and crushed in a mill consisting mostly of a single stone turned in a circular bed. When the pulp is sufficiently crushed it is placed in sacks and heaped on the platform of a press. The pulp is submitted to a very low pressure in the press, and the oil so obtained is beautiful and sweet, and is of the first quality for table use, and known as "salad oil." After the fine oil is extracted, there yet remains a considerable quantity mixed with the vegetable albumen. The bags of pulp are therefore lifted up and into each poured a small quantity of boiling water. This causes the pulp to swell—the albumen coagulates, and more fluid oil flows freely. A certain quantity, however, remains in the refuse, which is subject to further treatment, and is used in making soap.

As soon as the first run of fine oil is obtained it is conveyed to skins or reservoirs, for future good keeping. The town of Gallipoli being built on a rocky island, is famous for its caverns, where the oil is placed and where it soon clarifies and can be preserved without becoming viscous.

The oil is kept for seven years in these caverns, without becoming rancid, and when it has to be shipped, it is carried down in skins, run into casks, and sometimes the oil is sent off in the skins. The fine oil called Florence oil, is brought from Leghorn in bottles, and is of the very first quality. Olive oil is employed in making the castile soap, and is also much used in the arts of dyeing Turkey red on cotton, and of oiling wool. Owing to the great quantity of oil sold in our country as olive oil, it is our opinion that there is much deception employed by the sellers of it—that much oil is sold for pure olive oil, which is not olive oil at all. We believe that the olive could be cultivated with profit in our Southern States, and we hope that some of our planters may be induced to enter upon its culture. [Scientific American.]

Kiss me, Mamma? Do kiss me!

The child was so sensitive—so like that little shrinking plant that curls at a breath and shuts its heart from the light.

The only beauty she possessed was an exceedingly transparent skin, and mournful blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock, misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I, fan, died, said that I, too, must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; so one day when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offense, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and on sending her to her little couch I said, "Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open. I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then; and I left her with the big tears dropping down her cheeks and her lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for—"Oh! mamma, you will kiss me; I can't go to sleep if you don't," she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, and she held out her hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said, give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction that I might impress the thought upon her mind. That was the way I had been brought up until I was a most submissive child, and remembered how often I had thanked my mother since.

I knelt by the bedside—Mother can't kiss you, Ellen; I whispered, though every word choked me, I blamed myself as the fragile flower shook with half suppressed sobs, and saying: "After hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her mother this," left the room for the night.

It might have been about twelve when I was awakened by the nurse. Approachative, I ran eagerly to the child's chamber. I had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat—her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glance. From that night a raging fever drank up her life; and what think you was the incessant plaint poured into my anguished heart.

"Oh! kiss me, mother—do kiss me, I can't go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen, won't you? I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me. Oh! kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep."

Holy little child, she did go to sleep one grey morning, and never woke again—never! Her little hand was locked in mine, and all my victory with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out of her beautiful eyes, whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered, "I will be good, mother, if you will only kiss me!"

Kiss her! God knows how passionate, but how unavailing, were my kisses upon her cheek after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once, that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life, could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is unavailing now; she lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at the head

and a roachush at her feet; there grow sweet summer flowers—there waves the gentle grass,—their birds sing their matins and vespers—there the blue sky smiles down to-day, and there lies the freshness of my heart.

Parents, you should have the pathos in the voice of that stricken mother, as she said, "There are plants that spring into great vigor if the heavy pressure of a footstep crush them; but, oh! there are others that even the pearls of the light dew lead to the earth!"

YOUNG AMERICA.

When "Young America" becomes a competitor in any field he is sure to distance the fleetest. Not satisfied with the new and progressive, he most occasionally steps aside and try his powers of inflation on old forms. A notable case in point, illustrating both propositions at once, is that of Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, the dashing grandson of John Jacob Astor, who has been running a wild round of fashionable dissipation abroad, after having exhausted all sources of excitement in this country. J. Ross Brown, in his "Yasef," thus draws his picture:

"When I first saw him, he was on the way from Florence to Milan, in quest of a pair of pantaloons, of a particular style. No man in Europe understood cutting except Panteletti. There was a set in Panteletti that made him indispensable. He had tried the Parisian tailors, but they were deficient in the knees. It was his intention to proceed at once from Milan to Leipzig for boots; the Germans were the only people who brought boots to perfection, and he expected to be obliged to return to Paris for shirts; there was a set in the collar of the Parisian shirt that suited him. His medicines he always purchased in London; his cigars he was forced to import from Havana; his Latakia tobacco he was compelled to purchase himself in Smyrna, and this was partly the occasion of his present visit. As to wines, it was nonsense to drink any but the pure Johannisberg—which he generally saw bottled on the Rhine every summer, in order to avoid imposition. His winters he spent chiefly in Spain; it was the only country where good cream was to be had; but the coffee was inferior, and he sometimes had to cross the Pyrenees for want of a good cup of coffee. No mode of travelling suited him exactly—in fact, he disliked travelling. Riding he hated, because it jolted him, walking because it tired him, the snow because it was cold, the sun because it was warm. Rome because it was damp, Nice because it was dry, Athens because it was dusty. (By the way I disliked Athens myself, chiefly on that account—Bimby was right there.) But it was impossible for him to live in America again. What could any man of taste do there? No pictures, no ruins, no society, no opera, no classical associations—nothing at all except business, and all sorts of business he despised. It was a ridiculous as well as a vulgar way of spending life. In fact, the only decent people he had met with were the French—a man might contrive to exist a while in Paris. Not that he approved altogether of the French language—it wanted depth and richness—the only language worthy of a man of sense was the Sanscrit. As soon as he had suited himself in boots at Leipzig he was going to perfect himself in Sanscrit at the University at Berlin; after which he hoped to recover from the effects of a hard study by a tour through Bavaria, which was the only country on the face of the earth where the beer was fit to drink."

Extreme Prudence.

A good many years ago, as we gather from a friend, in a certain pleasant town in this state, a descendant of the ancient Knickerbocker held the position of justice. A kiss was to be tried before him, and he had as he supposed, given out the proper time; when one Sunday morning as he was "getting ready" for church, the parties appeared, and, very much to his astonishment, insisted that this was the day he had set. He seemed considerably nonplussed at his mistake, but after a moment of profound cogitation, turned to them and said—"Well, gentlemen, I cannot try this case on der Sabbath, derefore, I adjourns it to one week from next Wednesday—now Hans," said he, turning suddenly to his son, as the bright idea struck him, "get der almanac and see if that comes on Sunday."

Jackson Anecdotes.

One of our exchanges relates the following anecdotes:
We heard an anecdote the other day which we think is good enough to publish. It is as follows: After the battle of New Orleans, La Crosse, a warm friend of Gen. Jackson, desired an introduction to Com. Barron, and for that reason he went to Gen. Jackson to get a letter of recommendation or introduction, which the old General cheerfully gave him, in his usual frank manner. La Crosse, however, did not present the letter, and one of his friends, who happened to know of the circumstance, asked him what he did with it. He replied that he had it in his pocket, "and, by gar," says he, "I would not give the recommendation of old Jackson to see forty Commodores!"

The letter was a very flattering one, and to this day is in the possession of the La Crosse family.

A very similar, but even better story is related of Maj. Davezee, so long the eloquent advocate of the Democracy of New York, and our late Charge to Holland. The incident is literally true and authentic. When Mr. Polk was elected President and had gone to Weh

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